

MINISTRY OF SPACE
ONE

WARREN ELLIS

This is the original script for the first issue. Notes herein: CHRIS is Chris Weston, illustrator, and LAURA is Laura Martin (then Laura Depuy), colour artist.

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PRODUCTION NOTE: All titles and credits will be located on the inside front cover.

PAGE ONE**Pic 1;**

FULL PAGE PANEL:

An idyllic English image. Riverside. A boy and his father fishing on the shore, backs to a thick old tree in full foliage. All around, green green, rolling fields. Blue skies, strewn with just a little cloud. Could be an idealised 1950's ad-illustration moment.

And above them, a spacecraft.

A small one, the size of two cars. Gleaming silver. Retro-Fifties styling to it – late *Dan Dare* in a supermodern age. Union Jack stencilled on it somewhere. Add also the legend SA-40951. Vertical jets are rippling the water and scattering some leaves to the wind.

The boy's waving up at it.

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT:

ENGLAND, SUMMER 2001

PAGE TWO**Pic 1;**

Aerial view, looking down on the boy waving up. Straight out of the Famous Five, in his shorts and stripey t-shirt. A definite shock-headed Frank Hampson kid. He grins madly, delighted.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

The pilot smiles and waves down through her side window: a black woman in her twenties, in silver-grey uniform and a peaked cap, very pretty. LUCY.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

Stamped on the fuselage directly under the lower edge of the window: The words

MINISTRY OF SPACE

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

The spacecraft, having spun and hung here for a minute, drifts off and up, over the tree and away, sunlight glinting on its hull...

(no dialogue)

PAGE THREE

Pic 1;

Cut to: the craft swooping over broad lawns towards a sprawling university complex, an Art Deco campus...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2:

CUT TO: LUCY walking past a big sign, LOWLANDS UNIVERSITY, on the edge of a broad lawn. In smaller print under: "Endowed by the Ministry Of Space."

Lucy's uniform: do we want her in a grey trouser-suit and peaked cap? Bomber jacket and skirt + peaked cap? A 2001 remix of *Dan Dare* costuming might be nice... see what you think.

In the background, on the lawn in front of the main building there, we can see a couple taking off with personal flight packs...

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

Inside: Lucy's hand knocking on an office door, pushing it open by the act of tapping. The door has a plate affixed to it reading:

**PROFESSOR EMERITUS
SIR JOHN DASHWOOD**

FROM INSIDE; ENTER.

FROM INSIDE; COME ON, COME ON, YOU DON'T WANT ME TO DROP
DEAD OF BLOODY OLD AGE WAITING FOR YOU TO
GET IN THE BLOODY DOOR, CHILD...

Pic 4;

And there's our man: JOHN DASHWOOD, around 79 years of age, looking up from a desk stacked high with mouldering papers in a room thick with pipesmoke. Dashwood, in my mind, strongly resembles John Mills. He's a young septuagenarian – maybe he looks like John Mills in *QUATERMASS*, old but vital. Tweedy jacket with leather patches on the elbows, thick shirt, mangled tie. Eccentric, but sharp-eyed, Looking at us over the top of glasses, maybe.

DASHWOOD; GOOD GRIEF. HELLO, LUCY. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO
THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD, OLD GIRL?

Pic 5;

Small shot of Lucy, very serious; saluting.

LUCY; IT'S THE AMERICANS, SIR JOHN.

LUCY; THEY'RE GOING TO LAUNCH.

PAGE FOUR

Pic 1;

CUT TO: 1945, PEENEMUNDE. This is where they built the V-2 rockets. I'll try and get you visual ref, if you don't already have it.

We pan across AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND TRUCKS; the soldiers on foot, the trucks rolling with them towards the Mittelwerk, where they build the V-2s. We can actually see a launchpad/gantry or two.

LAURA: Can we desaturate the colour, in the mode of SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, for this sequence?

Here, we're just establishing the scene, so go widescreen, capture it for us...

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT; **PEENEMUNDE, GERMANY:**
SUMMER 1945

Pic 2;

Close in on one group of American soldiers leading the way; dogfaces led by a blunt-faced CAPTAIN gnawing on a dead cigar. A scarred SARGE plods two paces behind and to the side of him.

SARGE; HOW LONG WE GOT BEFORE THE RUSSKIES GET
HERE, CAP'N?

CAPTAIN; 'BOUT HALF A DAY 'FORE ALLA THIS GETS
SWALLOWED UP IN THE NORTHERN OCCUPATION
ZONE.

Pic 3;

From over their shoulders, the gantries and compounds of the Mittelwerk.

CAPTAIN; AND THEN ALLA THIS ROCKET-BUILDING SHIT AND
THE V-2 SCIENTIST GUYS GET SWALLOWED UP TOO.

SARGE; DON'T SEE WHAT THE BIG GODDAMN DEAL IS. THEY
CAN'T THROW THEM V-2S BUT SIXTY MILES.

SARGE; COULDN'T HIT MY GRANDPAPPY'S FARM FROM MY
FRONT PORCH WITH ONE O'THEM, AND WE'RE
PRACTICALLY NEIGHBORS.

PAGE FIVE**Pic 1;**

The Captain looks up into the sky, shielding his eyes. He's looking for something.

CAPTAIN; THAT'S AMERICA. BUT EUROPE'S SMALL AND FULLA COUNTRIES SO CLOSE TOGETHER YOU CAN PRACTICALLY SPIT ACROSS 'EM TWO AT A TIME.

CAPTAIN; GOOD PLACE TO FIGHT WITH MISSILES IN, SARGE.

CAPTAIN; SECURE THE AREA. PRONTO.

Pic 2;

The Captain takes off at a clip towards the nearest building. Sarge follows just behind him, their grunts just starting off, spooked...

SARGE; WHAT?

CAPTAIN; THE KRAUTS KNEW WE WERE COMING. BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE TO GREET US.

CAPTAIN; AND I CAN HEAR A BOMBER.

Pic 3;

They fling open the doors of the nearest big building – and it's a dormitory. And all the beds are stripped. No belongings. It's been empty for a while.

CAPTAIN; HELL.

SARGE; LOOK. AIN'T NOBODY BEEN IN HERE FOR DAYS, CAP'N...

Pic 4;

The Captain stops, looks up at the sky again...and his face crumples.

CAPTAIN; AH, FOR THE LOVE'A CHRIST...

CAPTAIN; ...THIS JUST AIN'T FAIR.

Pic 5;

CUT TO; The Captain's POV – as BOMBS, big black silhouettes, tumble down from the white-grey sky towards us...

(no dialogue)

PAGE SIX**Pic 1;**

And pull waaaaaay the hell back: as the entire area is absolutely fucking annihilated by a dense bombing run. Takes out all the buildings, most of the soldiers and trucks, everything. Wipeout. We need to be taken a bit aback by the force and scale of the bombing.

LAURA: This might be the point to quit desaturating the colour.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

CUT T0; Up in the sky: two or three Lancaster bombers.

FROM NEAREST PLANE (JAGGED): REPORT TARGET DESTROYED. NEITHER
THE AMERICANS NOR THE RUSSIANS WILL GET
ANYTHING OUT OF PEENEMUNDE BUT ASHES.

PAGE SEVEN**Pic 1;**

Close in on the cockpit, a RAF pilot in mask giving us the classic thumbs-up:

PILOT (JAGGED); NO-ONE'S BUILDING ANY ROCKETS OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT DOWN THERE.

PILOT (JAGGED); TELL JACKO DASHWOOD HIS MAD SCHEME'S TAKING.

Pic 2;

CUT TO; JOHN DASHWOOD, approx 25 years old, lighting his pipe in triumph. He's in RAF uniform, and his rank is Air Commodore – I'll see what ref I can find online.

DASHWOOD; TELL FLAMER WAITE THAT **AIR COMMODORE** JACKO DASHWOOD **SIR** SAYS GET YOURSELF BACK HOME TO BLIGHTY FOR A PINT OF BEST.

DASHWOOD; HE CAN MEET MY GERMAN ROCKET SCIENTISTS.

Pic 3;

We're in a radio room in an Air Ministry building: drab place. Several operators at radio sets, female RAF personnel shuttling to and fro with paperwork. Dashwood stands behind one of the seated radio operators, puffing away. A favoured underling, a skinny blonde lad called BRIDGE, stands by him, grinning.

BRIDGE; I THOUGHT IT WAS NICE OF THAT AMERICAN CHAP TO HELP US PUT TOGETHER THE INTEL ON THEM, ACTUALLY.

BRIDGE; COLONEL TRICHEL OF THE PENTAGON'S ROCKET DEVELOPMENT BRANCH: "HEY, MAC, CAN YOU HELP ME DRAW UP A LIST OF THESE KRAUT ROCKET BUILDERS? NO, NO REASON, JUST CURIOUS..."

Pic 4;

Dashwood grins around his pipe, staring up at the ceiling. Bridge pulls his sleeve back, to look at his wristwatch:

DASHWOOD; BLOODY FOOL. LIKE WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO.

BRIDGE; WELL, TO BE FAIR, SIR, HALF OF THE WAR MINISTRY
DIDN'T CARE WHAT HE WAS UP.

DASHWOOD; YES, LAD. BUT THIS IS THE **AIR** MINISTRY. AND IF
WE DIDN'T CARE, THERE WOULDN'T BE AN
ENGLAND.

Continued over page

PAGE SEVEN CONTINUED

Pic 5;

Bridge smiles apologetically at Dashwood, tapping his watchface with his
finger. Dashwood's smile fades, his head dips back down...

BRIDGE; YOUR APPOINTMENT, SIR. THE PRIME MINISTER.

DASHWOOD; HERE WE GO THEN, BRIDGE. WISH ME LUCK.

BRIDGE; BEST OF BRITISH, SIR.

PAGE EIGHT

Pic 1;

CUT TO: A darkened office. Squatting behind the large black desk in here like a massive old toad; WINSTON CHURCHILL. Ambient light, maybe one electric lamp, glow from a long fat cigar: muted. I'm reminded of the first time we see Marlon Brando in THE GODFATHER. Massive, shadowy, sinister presence. Winston Churchill was an evil brain-damaged old bastard, and I want to see some of that communicated. He is powerful and dark and not to be trusted. Don't be afraid to hide his eyes, or make them single points of reflected light in the shadow.

CHURCHILL; AIR COMMODORE JOHN DASHWOOD.

CHURCHILL; YOU'VE GOT ME QUITE A LOT OF MONEY AND
TIME.

Pic 2;

Cut across to: DASHWOOD, at the single door in the room, saluting.

DASHWOOD; I'M GOING TO COST YOU QUITE A LOT MORE,
SIR.

Pic 3;

Churchill gestures to the only other chair in the room, on the other side of the desk, with his cigar. Dashwood goes to it.

CHURCHILL; CONFIDENT LAD. YOU AIR MINISTRY TYPES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A BIT COCKY.

CHURCHILL; YOUNG FOR A MAN OF YOUR RANK, TOO.

DASHWOOD; I FOUGHT IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WHEN I WAS 19. THERE AREN'T TOO MANY OF US LEFT TO PROMOTE, SIR.

Pic 4;

Churchill's eyes glitter as he puffs on his cigar, wreathing his head in smoke.

CHURCHILL; SO. I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE THE JERRY BASTARDS
WHO BUILT THE V-2 UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

DASHWOOD (OFF); YES, SIR.

CHURCHILL; AND WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH THEM? CHAIN THEM UP AT TRAITOR'S GATE AND LET 'EM DROWN IN THE THAMES?

Pic 5;

Dashwood narrows his eyes. Here we go, he thinks.

DASHWOOD; NO, SIR.

DASHWOOD; THEY ARE GOING TO BUILD MISSILES AND SPACE ROCKETS FOR US.

PAGE NINE

Pic 1;

Churchill sits there, not moving, his face like stone. We cannot see his eyes.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

REPEAT PIC.

CHURCHILL; I MUST'VE HAD ONE TOO MANY BRANDIES AT LUNCH.

CHURCHILL; BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, I COULD HAVE SWORN YOU SAID MISSILES AND SPACE ROCKETS TO MY BLOODY FACE AS IF I WERE STUPID.

Pic 3;

Dashwood leans back in his chair, folds his fingers together. Completely in control.

DASHWOOD; LONDON IS STANDING PROOF OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF MISSILE WAR. THAT'S WHY THE RUSSIANS AND THE YANKS WANTED THE JERRY BASTARDS, SIR.

DASHWOOD; AND NOW **WE** HAVE THE BEST MISSILE BUILDERS ON EARTH HERE IN ENGLAND.

Pic 4;

Close in on Dashwood. He's pressing Churchill's buttons quite blatantly, but, since he knows it's going to work, he doesn't see the need to hide his cockiness.

DASHWOOD; WE HAVE TO TAKE THE LONG VIEW. EACH NEW WAR TRUMPS THE LAST FOR DESTRUCTIVENESS, PRIME MINISTER.

DASHWOOD; I'M HERE AS ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVORS OF 253 SQUADRON, FROM A WAR THAT WAS FOUGHT IN THE AIR, TO TELL YOU --

DASHWOOD; -- THE NEXT WARS WILL BE FOUGHT LONG-DISTANCE, BY MISSILES, AND THEY'LL BE FOUGHT IN SPACE.

Pic 5;

Dashwood smiles nastily, closes a fist for illustration of war:

DASHWOOD; THAT BLOODY ATOMIC BOMB THAT THE YANKS THINK WE DON'T KNOW ALL ABOUT?

DASHWOOD; MY BOFFINS TELL ME YOU COULD STORE A HUNDRED OF THEM ON AN ARTIFICIAL MOON ORBITTING THE EARTH AND JUST DROP THE BUGGERS ON ANY TARGET ON EARTH.

PAGE TEN

Pic 1;

Churchill glowers. Little points of light in his eyes.

CHURCHILL; MANURE.

Pic 2;

Dashwood arches a Dan Dare eyebrow.

DASHWOOD; AND WE COULD DO IT IN FIFTEEN YEARS.

Pic 3;

They stare at each other across the desk.

DASHWOOD; NINETEEN BLOODY SIXTY, SIR.

Pic 4;

Dashwood leans in, slamming fist into palm, driving his point home. He's winning.

DASHWOOD; DAMN IT, SIR, WE COULD HAVE MEN ON THE MOON ITSELF BY NINETEEN SIXTY.

DASHWOOD; IT'S OUT THERE WAITING FOR US. AND WE CAN GET IT FIRST AND CLAIM IT ALL FOR KING AND COUNTRY AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Pic 5;

Dashwood stands, puts his finger down on some papers in front of Churchill. Dashwood has won. And he knows it.

DASHWOOD; YOU'VE GOTTEN MY MEMO ON THE, AH,
UNORTHODOX REVENUE STREAM THAT CAN BE PUT
IN PLACE. I CALL IT A "BLACK BUDGET".

DASHWOOD; I JUST NEED YOUR SIGNATURE. CREATE THE
MINISTRY OF SPACE.

DASHWOOD; AND GIVE IT TO ME.

PAGE ELEVEN

Pic 1;
FULL PAGE PANEL

...a modified V-2, taller and fatter with more pronounced tailfins, launches from a gantry in spectacular style, rising on a pillar of red flame. In the immediate foreground: tall grasses and wild flowers sway in the thermal wind. The thing is launching on a smallish concrete pad laid out here on coastal grasslands... a sense, then, of rural spaceflight, pastoral spaceflight, echoing the spaceship idling above the village pond in Page One...

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT: **ESSEX, SPRING 1946**

PAGE TWELVE

Pic 1;

On the spacecraft, looking down: past the tailfins and the engine's glare, we see grass and sand and coastline and dark North Sea water falling away from us...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Back on the gantry area... as the smoke clears and sappers play big firehoses over the launchpad and immediate surrounding area, DASHWOOD walks into the scene, his back to us, emerging from our POV. On the left of the pic, INDUSTRIALISTS, well-kept men, emerge into the shot. From the right, ROCKET SCIENTISTS, shabby and tired men in baggy cheap suits and lab coats, walk in.

DASHWOOD: WHAT YOU'VE JUST SEEN, GENTLEMEN, IS THE V-3.

DASHWOOD; THIS COMPRISES CHANGES THAT THE DESIGN TEAM INTENDED TO IMPLEMENT TO THE V-2.

DASHWOOD: IT TAKES US TO THE EDGE OF SPACE.

Pic 3;

Dashwood stops, watching the sappers work. This is really low-tech, the way the early Russian programme was – mud and long grass and spacerockets.

DASHWOOD; IT HAS AN ARRAY OF CINE CAMERAS MOUNTED
 UPON IT.

DASHWOOD; IT WILL RETURN IN ABOUT... THIRTEEN MINUTES
TIME WITH OUR FIRST MOTION PICTURES OF THE
EARTH AND SPACE.

Pic 4;

Close on Dashwood. He grins a knowing fanatic's grin.

DASHWOOD; BUT WE NEED TO GO FURTHER.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Pic 1;

Dashwood indicates the ROCKET SCIENTISTS with an expansive sweep of his hand.
It says: I own these.

DASHWOOD; TO MY RIGHT, I PRESENT THE MINISTRY OF SPACE
ROCKET TEAM.

DASHWOOD; WE GOT THEM OUT OF PEENEMUNDE JUST BEFORE
THE AMERICANS CAME TO CHARM THEM AND THE
RUSSIANS CAME TO PUT THEM ON A CHAIN GANG.

Pic 2;

More sedate and respectful, he introduces the scientists to the
INDUSTRIALISTS politely.

DASHWOOD; TO MY LEFT, I PRESENT THE CAPTAINS OF BRITISH
INDUSTRY.

DASHWOOD; THE MINISTRY OF SPACE HAS A GREAT DEAL OF
MONEY TO SPEND. THE ROCKET TEAM HAVE A
GREAT MANY IDEAS THAT NEED BUILDING.

Pic 3;

A small group of younger men and women in suits drift into the panel.
Dashwood commands them with a finger while looking across at the man who is
obviously the head SCIENTIST, large, dark-haired, troubled. I'd style him on
the young Von Braun.

DASHWOOD; I'VE PROVIDED A GROUP OF TRANSLATORS. I WANT
YOU TO TALK. I WANT THE BUSINESSMEN,

PARTICULARLY, TO LISTEN TO OUR ROCKET MEN'S NEEDS.

DASHWOOD; GENTLEMEN, OUR ROCKET MEN ARE **SERIOUS**. THE IDEAS WILL SEEM STRANGE, BUT ALL OUR BOFFINS CONFIRM -- THEIR PLANS **WORK**.

DASHWOOD; DOCTOR, MAY WE?

Continued over page

Page Thirteen Continued

Pic 4;

Dashwood and the Scientist walk away from the scene together, side by side. Hands jammed in pockets, both looking down at the ground rather than at each other. The gantry smokes and steams in the background.

DASHWOOD; YOU HAVE DREAMS, DON'T YOU, DOCTOR?

DOCTOR; I LIVE IN A BARRACKS AND HAVE ENGLISH TOMMIES URINATING ON MY CLOTHES BECAUSE I AM A JERRY BASTARD.

DOCTOR; DREAMS COME HARD, AIR COMMODORE.

Pic 5;

From behind them: their backs to us, moving away from us, the coast coming into view...

DASHWOOD; WE'LL MOVE YOU.

DOCTOR; I DO NOT WANT TO BE MOVED. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO LIVE LIKE A MAN. I SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH THE AMERICANS.

PAGE FOURTEEN**Pic 1;**

Close in: Dashwood studies the doctor, who walks looking at the ground, defeated.

DASHWOOD; BUT YOU DIDN'T. BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T TRUST THEM
WITH YOUR DREAMS.

DOCTOR; YES. THEY ARE CONSERVATIVE PURITANS AT HEART.
THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE FULL SWEEP OF
GLORY. FOR THEM, I WOULD MAKE BIG STUPID
MISSILES.

DOCTOR; THERE IS NO... NO OPERA IN THEM.

Pic 2;

They walk down a slight slope, sandy, fringed with long grasses...

DASHWOOD; AND THEY'RE GOING TO GET TANGLED UP WITH THE
SOVIETS; RUSHING INTO A LOT OF THINGS TO PROVE
WHO'S BIGGER AND CLEVERER AND MORE RIGHT.

DASHWOOD; I HAVE THE ABILITY TO SEE YOUR DREAMS BUILT,
DOCTOR.

DOCTOR; MY DREAMS ARE LARGE.

Pic 3;

From behind them, as they walk down onto the sand and shingle of this Essex beach, and the sea and the sky spread out before them... particularly the sky, a little cloudy, shafts of Constable light beaming down through breaks in them...

DASHWOOD; SO ARE MINE.

DASHWOOD; I HAD MINE WHILE AWAKE. IT WAS DURING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN. I WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

Pic 4;

CUT T0: high in the air, above the clouds – a Hurricane fighter plane, 1940. Nothing above it but blue sky going black...

VOICE (NO TAIL); I'D TAKEN MY HURRICANE UP TO 28,000 FEET, AND SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF ALONE, SEPERATED FROM THE REST OF MY SQUADRON.

VOICE (NO TAIL); VERY DANGEROUS, THAT. AND I WAS DOING EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR, WHICH IS BARELY IN THE AIR, AT THAT ALTITUDE.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Pic 1;

Pull back, to capture the plane alone, the world curving away below up, nothing above it...

VOICE (NO TAIL); AND I DIDN'T CARE. I WAS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIGH ENOUGH TO SEE THE CURVE OF THE WORLD.

Pic 2;

Close up into the cockpit, looking at the young Dashwood in his bomber jacket and mask, eyes wide...

VOICE (NO TAIL); NOTICED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE HUGENESS OF WHAT WAS ABOVE ME.

Pic 3;

From behind his head – sudden shadows as big black things dart over his head, fast swooping menacing abstracts, thick shadows...

VOICE (NO TAIL); AND THEN FOUR ME109'S FLEW OVER THE TOP OF ME.

Pic 4;

CUT T0: On the beach, standing on the pebbly sand as the dirty brown water's tide laps in: Dashwood, looking up at the sky.

DASHWOOD; I GOT THE NOSE OF THE HURRI UP AND FIRED ALL EIGHT OF MY GUNS.

DASHWOOD; THE RECOIL OF THE GUNS PUSHED MY AIRSPEED
JUST UNDER EIGHTY AND THE HURRI STALLED AND
DIVED.

PAGE SIXTEEN

Pic 1;

2001: Lucy's shuttle powers up through the cloud cover towards us... it maintains a horizontal profile, just rising up inexorably towards space...

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT: **2001**

VOICE (NO TAIL); AND THERE I WAS, DOCTOR. GLIDING DOWN FROM
THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

VOICE (NO TAIL); I KNEW I'D DO ANYTHING TO BE THERE AGAIN - JUST
ME AND SPACE AND NOTHING BETWEEN US.

Pic 2;

Close in on it; to see old Dashwood in the back seat, fingers steepled, looking out of the window at us thoughtfully.

VOICE (NO TAIL); I HAVE MONEY, DOCTOR, AND THE BEST AND
BRAVEST PILOTS ON EARTH - BRITISH FIGHTER
PILOTS, TRAINED ON HURRICANES AND SPITFIRES.

VOICE (NO TAIL): I JUST HOPE I DON'T KILL TOO MANY OF THE POOR
BLIGHTERS.

Pic 3;

Lucy looks over her shoulder at him, smiles.

LUCY: FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CHURCHILL STATION, SIR
JOHN.

LUCY; WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING SO WORRIED ABOUT? I
KNOW IT'S NOT THE SPACEFLIGHT.

Pic 4;

The shuttle lights up big engines to lift it the rest of the way into space on a pillar of fire...

FROM SHUTTLE; I'M WORRIED THEY MIGHT HAVE FOUND OUT WHERE
I GOT THE MONEY FROM.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Pic 1;

CUT TO: Earth orbit.

A fat, modified V2 with a stump instead of a nose falls away from a stubby nose-cone capsule that ignites its own small engine... pushing free, into a slightly higher orbit. The top two-thirds of the capsule are clearly segmented...

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT: **1948**

Pic 2;

Its engine dies, it's coasting free of the launch stage... and its nose splits open, the four segments of casing hinged at the bottom, blossoming open. Explosive bolts crack in the darkness of its innards --

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

-- and a football-sized satellite with the Dart on its side drifts free of the nosecone... a Sputnik from the Royal Space Force... marked VICTORY...

VOICE (NO TAIL); IS IT BROADCASTING?

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Pic 1;

Cut to: Jodrell Bank, Cheshire, the great radio-telescope dishes resplendent in the English summertime, surrounded by rolling fields of green.

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT: **JODRELL BANK, CHESHIRE**

VOICE (NO TAIL); ...YES. WE HAVE VICTORY'S SIGNAL.

Pic 2;

Inside the observatory's control room, as close as you can get to Mission Control in 1948: white-coated lab technicians and military men go apeshit as BRIDGE, holding headphones to one ear, laughs out the good news. Dashwood stands with arms folded next to him by their console, silently exultant. The DOCTOR is next to him, on the right, rubbing his hands together, smiling quietly.

BRIDGE; WE HAVE LAUNCHED THE WORLD'S FIRST ARTIFICIAL MOON AND IT IS RADIO-BROADCASTING "GOD SAVE THE KING" IN MORSE CODE THE WORLD OVER...

DOCTOR; NOW, DASHWOOD. I WANT THE THREE-STAGE VEHICLE FOR ORBITAL-1.

DASHWOOD; NO, DOCTOR. ROLLS-ROYCE TELL ME THOSE ENGINES ARE AT LEAST THREE YEARS AWAY. WE GO WITH THE PLANE DESIGN.

Pic 3;

The Doctor slams one balled fist into the other palm, maddened. Dashwood turns on him, pointing a finger, mad eyes gleaming. Dan Dare on cocaine.

DOCTOR; THE VERDAMMT ROCKETPLANE HAS NOT BEEN TESTED PROPERLY, WILL NOT BE TESTED PROPERLY FOR A 1950 -

DASHWOOD; ROT. THE SPITFIRE WASN'T BLOODY BENCHTESTED BY A HORDE OF MAD SCIENTISTS IN WHITE COATS TO WITHIN AN INCH OF ITS BLOODY LIFE, AND IT FLEW.

DASHWOOD; I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WAS IN GERMANY, HERR DOKTOR, BUT HERE IN ENGLAND WE MADE THINGS WORK IN ORDER TO GET THE BALLY JOB DONE. CLEAR?

Continued over page

PAGE EIGHTEEN Continued

Pic 4;

The Doctor's POV: as Dashwood hisses up into our faces, fixing our gaze with those weird glittering eyes.

DASHWOOD; ORBITAL-1 WILL GO UP IN 1950.

DASHWOOD; IT WILL BE A PLANE THAT CAN BE FLOWN. WE'RE NOT IN THE BUSINESS OF CATAPULTING POTATOES ABOVE THE HORIZON.

DASHWOOD; AND I WILL BE FLYING HER.

Pic 5;

Dashwood stomps away, ranting, spittle flying from his lips, leaving people to just stare at him, wondering what the fuck is wrong with him...

DASHWOOD; AND I WANT THE BLOODY CABIN REINFORCED AND PRESSURISED! I AM NOT GOING TO SPACE WRAPPED IN TINFOIL!

DASHWOOD; I'M AN ENGLISH AIRMAN AND I WANT TO WEAR MY BLOODY JACKET AND SIT IN A DECENT LEATHER CHAIR!

PAGE NINETEEN
Pic 1;

Right. If you don't already have reference, let me know -- we need an Electric Canberra RAF jet bomber coasting way, way above the clouds. 50,000 feet up. And it's got the BRITANNIA slung under its belly.

VOICE (NO TAIL): WE CAN'T HAVE IT GOING UP AS THE ORBITAL-1, OLD CHAP. WHAT'RE WE GOING TO CALL HER?

SUPERIMPOSED DISPLAY LETT: **1950**

Pic 2;

In the cockpit, looking every inch the English pilot, with a more elaborate facemask – John Dashwood.

JAGGED (NO TAIL); WE'RE NOW AT 48500 FEET, BRITANNIA. OVER.

DASHWOOD (JAGGED); UNDERSTOOD. BEGIN BANK ON MY MARK. OVER.

PAGE TWENTY**Pic 1;**

The Canberra banks off to one side, lifting its belly...

JAGGED (NO TAIL); THREE, TWO, ONE...

JAGGED (NO TAIL); MARK.

Pic 2;

And the explosive bolts holding the Britannia on to the belly detonate, freeing it...

JAGGED (NO TAIL); CHOCKS AWAY.

Pic 3;

Cut to; Dashwood, mad eyes wide and possessed of insane glee.

DASHWOOD (JAGGED); TALLY BLOODY HO.

Pic 4;

And the Britannia's engines light up, blasting it off the belly of the Canberra and up towards space.

(no dialogue)

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Pic 1;

The Britannia spirals up towards the dark...

JAGGED (NO TAIL); BRITANNIA TO OPS: I AM IN ASCENT.

JAGGED (NO TAIL); EXPERIENCING SOME DISCOMFORT... LOT MORE
NOISE IN HERE THAN WE EXPECTED, THE CRATE IS
RATTLING HARD...

Pic 2;

CUT TO: Dashwood, eyes widening... seeing the glory...

DASHWOOD (JAGGED); ...GOD, I CAN SEE IT...

Pic 3;

The Britannia continues blasting...and everything is dark around it, now...

JAGGED (NO TAIL); MAIN ENGINE SHUTDOWN IN THREE, TWO,
ONE...

PAGE TWENTY-TWO**Pic 1;**

The main engine cuts... And she's in space. The Earth far below. Orbit nailed. Stars blinking everywhere. The world turning, gleaming and blue. The Britannia shines.

Full page panel.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

CUT TO; a small, cropped shot of Jodrell Bank.

JAGGED (NO TAIL); ...THAT'S ORBIT TWENTY, JODRELL. BRINGING THE
OLD GIRL HOME NOW, OVER.

Pic 2;

The control room, as seen earlier in the issue: BRIDGE, jacket off, is smoking, nervous. THE DOCTOR stands watching a stream of numbers on a tiny TV screen set in the console in front of them, crewed by a WAF.

BRIDGE; RE-ENTRY. THREE MINUTES BEFORE WE GET HIS RADIO SIGNAL BACK.

BRIDGE; THIS IS THE BIT I'VE BEEN DREADING. WE PUT BRITANNIA UP TOO QUICKLY, WE ALL KNOW WE DID, THE CRATE'S HEAT SHIELD ISN'T --

DOCTOR; PLEASE, HERR BRIDGER.

Pic 3;

CUT TO; BRITANNIA shooting back into atmosphere, trailing a dying garland of flame, having made it through re-entry... very heavily blackened on its underside, paint burned off here and there... This is the big pic on the page, try giving it the centre third of the page...

JAGGED FROM BRITANNIA; JODRELL BANK, THIS IS BRITANNIA.

JAGGED FROM BRITANNIA; WE ARE COMING HOME, UNPOWERED, DESCENT PATTERN NOMINAL, DECELERATION NOMINAL --

Pic 4;

Small, cropped shot of Dashwood.

DASHWOOD; -- I'VE LOST ALL THE CONTROL SURFACES ON HER.

Pic 5;

Bridge stares at The Doctor.

JAGGED (NO TAIL); REPEAT, I HAVE NO CONTROL, LISTING BADLY - DRIFTING AT LEAST A MILE EAST OF THE RUNWAY -

JAGGED (NO TAIL); -- THROWING MYSELF INTO THE SIDE OF HER TO CORRECT --

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**Pic 1;**

CUT TO; A farmhouse and barn, out in the countryside in the afternoon sun. A farmer and his young daughter, baling hay, look up and away from us to see something shining hotly in the sky...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

...and then the Britannia is there, blasting down through the house AND through the barn... this one's your big shot...

(no dialogue)

Pic 1;

Aftermath: silence around the ruined house, annihilated barn... the long gouge in the ground beyond the barn... smoke at the far end of the gouge...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

...airmen running towards the blackened, smashed Britannia at the end of the gash it cut in the soil. It's fucked, frankly. A big chunk of the front is missing.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

They lift the smashed cockpit "canopy" up with crowbars... it's a ruin in there, and Dashwood is a dark, shadowed figure..

DASHWOOD;

ABOUT... ABOUT BLOODY TIME...

Pic 4;

Inside: the front of the cockpit has concertina'd in on him. We can see a boot somewhere behind him. There's blood up his abdomen, and he's obviously in shock. And we can't see his legs. That boot in the back is full.

DASHWOOD;

...WHERE THE BLOODY HELL ARE MY LEGS?

To be continued

The model displayed in the JSC Science Fiction to Science Fact Exhibit in the above left photo was featured on the cover art of the March 22, 1952 issue of Collier's magazine. As envisioned by Wernher von Braun, the booster was to be a three stage vehicle standing 265 foot tall. With a base of 65 feet in diameter, the rocket's overall weight was to be 14,000,000 pounds. The cover of Collier's depicts the separation of the first stage with its fifty-one rocket motors having combined to provide a lift-off thrust of 14,000 tons during its 84 seconds of operation. The cover shows the 34 second stage rocket motors at work with 1,750 tons of thrust being provided for 124 seconds. Atop the second stage, the third or final stage carried the astronauts, their equipment and the payload. The third stage's five rockets yielded 220 tons of thrust for a 1,075 mile high orbit. The third stage also had wings to be used only during descent through Earth's atmosphere.

ther Ranks:- Aircraftsman 2nd Class (AC2), Aircraftsman 1st Class (AC1), Leading Aircraftsman (LAC), Corporal

Non-Commissioned Officers:- Sergeant, Flight Sergeant, Warrant Officer (the RCAF also had Warrant Officer Class 1 and 2)

Commissioned Officers:- Pilot Officer, Flying Officer, Flight Lieutenant, Squadron Leader, Wing Commander, Group Captain

Air Rank Officers:- Air Commodore, Air Vice Marshal, Air Marshal, Air Chief Marshal, Marshal of the Royal Air Force